

## Among the Apple Trees

A Story of Farm Life

By CLIFFORD V. GREGORY

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### CHAPTER VII.

THE girls did not see Jeff before they left. He was working through the summer on a farm up in Minnesota and had not been home since he first went away a year before. An occasional letter told them that he was enjoying his school work and getting along much better than he had dared to hope for, but that was all.

Gladys and Mabel put into their college work all the energy with which their live young bodies were charged and enjoyed it immensely. The other girls were not at all "stuck up," but just happy, healthy girls like themselves, and they made friends easily.

Outside of study hours they let off some of their bubbling spirits by playing basketball, and they did it so efficiently that before the first term was over they had both made the team.

But, after all, they were glad when the term was over and they could go home for a few weeks' vacation. It was good to get back to the little farm home once more and doubly good to see the dear old father and mother again.

It was lonely at home these days with both the girls gone, but Mr. and Mrs. Sanders bore it uncomplainingly.

"We've got no call to worry, mother," said Mr. Sanders one evening. "It's lonesome, but it's a whole lot to have girls you can depend on. And then it'll be vacation in two weeks," he added, and his wife echoed his smile.

And when the girls, a little taller, a little straighter, but not quite so rosy, came rushing in in the same old breezy way—well, the old house took on a new joyousness.

"If you girls don't keep still and go to bed," said Mr. Sanders some time within an hour or two after the clock struck 11, "I'll want to pack up and start for college myself."

The next morning as Mr. Sanders was starting out to the barn to milk the cows, Gladys came in with a brimming pail in either hand.

"Just to show you I hadn't forgotten how," she said, with a laugh. "It's such fun to be home again."

Mabel was already up and getting breakfast, and if some of the cakes were burned it wasn't because of careless cooking, but rather indicated her proficiency as a fire builder.

After breakfast Gladys went out to the barn and had a long talk with Mollie, and if Mollie didn't understand all the secrets she was told it wasn't because she didn't listen attentively. Then Mabel came out, and they hitched up to the cutter, and Mollie took them up hill and down at a pace that made the sleighbells jingle merrily. They laughed reminiscently at each familiar road and field. It seemed as if they had been away for years instead of only for one short term.

When they reached home again and Mollie was carefully stabled and fed they went out to the orchard. Every tree was a friend, and a true friend, too, for none other would uncomplainingly furnish the funds to send them to college.

"Look how papa's been caring for them," cried Gladys. "He's wound every one with cornstalks to keep the rabbits and mice from gnawing them. I'd never thought of that."

"He's doing all he can to help us, even if he can't give us the money," said Mabel. "I sometimes wonder if we ought not to stay here and help him and mamma so they wouldn't have to work so hard. Then think of the nice things they could buy with the money we're spending."

Gladys looked serious. "I never thought of it that way," she confessed. "Let's go and ask them about it."

The father shook his head decidedly when they broached the subject to him. "Stay out of school!" he cried. "Of course not, girls. Mother and I are too proud of our college girls to think of such a thing for a moment. Aren't we, mother?"

Mrs. Sanders nodded a smiling assent, and the girls were satisfied, for the time at least. They were too young to realize what the loneliness of their absence really meant to the old people.

Gladys was out feeding the pigs that evening when Jeff came riding up the road on Nancy. That year and a half at school had done wonders for him, as Gladys had predicted. He was a man now and so strong and self-reliant that Gladys was almost afraid of him.

"That curl hasn't learned to keep out of your eyes yet, has it?" he cried gayly as he leaped to the ground. "I'd know you by that anywhere."

"I couldn't say as much for you," said Gladys. "There isn't a thing about you that hasn't changed since I saw you last. You seem like a different Jeff."

"I'm sorry," said Jeff contritely. "I'm not," she replied promptly. "It's—it's a change for the better."

Jeff laughed heartily. "I'm glad to hear it," he said. "There was lots of room for improvement. But how about yourself? There wasn't room for you to grow much prettier, but—"

Gladys shook her wavy head impatiently. "I always thought you were more sensible than the rest of the boys," she said. "How do you like it at the university?"

Jeff's face lit up with enthusiasm. "There couldn't be anything that would suit me better," he said. "There's something in the air there that fills a fellow with ambition, with a desire to do something worth while. I often fancy that it is the spirit of opportunity urging us to put up our doors to be knocked on."

"And did you hold yours up?" asked Gladys.

Jeff sat down on the fence. "I don't like to talk about myself," he said, "but I know you won't think I'm doing it to boast."

"Of course not," Gladys interrupted. "Tell me about it."

"It's nothing much. I've been working on an oration ever since I started to school almost. The university contest was held a week before the close of the term, and I was chosen delegate to the state contest."

"Good!" exclaimed Gladys, holding out her hand. "I guess you opened your door."

"And I believe I can make the football team next fall," Jeff went on. "I was a substitute this year."

"Mabel doesn't like football," said Gladys, "but I do. To see those big strong fellows contending for the championship it always seems to me like a real battle instead of just a play one. I wish I could see you play, Jeff."

"Maybe you can," he answered. "We are to play the Iowa university at Iowa City next Thanksgiving. I

"GOODEY, JEFF."

think. If I make the team will you come over there and watch us play?" Gladys nodded.

"Then I'll make the team," said Jeff confidently, holding out his hand. "Is it a bargain?"

Gladys shook her hands gravely. "I ought to be a patriot to my own state," she said. "But, all the same, I hope you win."

"How is Mollie?" Jeff asked after he had helped Gladys bring another basket of corn from the crib. "Don't you suppose she would like a moonlight canter?"

"I don't know of anything that would suit her better," Gladys answered, "or her mistress either," she added, with a roguish laugh.

It was a perfect evening. The white drifts of newly fallen snow glistened in the radiant moonlight. The horses' feet made hardly a sound, and they seemed to be almost flying through the frosty air. It was like a sacrifice to break the silence of that glorious December night by talking, and they rode on without a word for a long time.

Gladys was thinking of that night two years before when she and Mollie had made that desperate sprint to catch the tinkling sleighbells that seemed ever just beyond their reach. Jeff's thoughts were of the two rosy cheeked girls who had almost frightened him out of an apple tree once and especially of the one who could never keep that unruly lock of hair out of her eyes.

At last they turned and started down the long slope toward home. Gladys could keep still no longer, and in the pure joy of simply being alive she lifted her clear voice in the rollicking measures of a college song.

Jeff followed with the Minnesota song, and then as they turned in at the gate both joined in a lower, sadder tone in the grand old tune of "Home, Sweet Home."

Then they stopped by the old hitching post and sat silent again, each loath to break the spell of tender memories that the old song had called up.

"You must be getting cold," said Jeff at last, leaping to the ground and helping Gladys to the big flat stone that stood by the gatepost.

She looked like a queen as she stood there in the perfect beauty of her young girlhood, with the silvery moonlight glinting through her wavy tresses.

Jeff still held both her hands as he said, "You've always been a true friend to me, haven't you, Gladys?"

"I've always tried to be," she answered. "But—please don't say

anything to make me anything less, Jeff."

"Then can't you be anything more?" There was a little catch in his voice.

She shook her head sadly. "For several moments they stood still—again under the spell of that great white silence. Then Gladys gently drew away her hands."

"Goodbye, Jeff," she said. He looked back at her over his shoulder as he led Mollie away to the barn. She was still standing there, her figure sharply outlined against the winter sky. When he came back she was gone, but she had left a picture in his memory that did not fade away for many a day.

To be continued



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JUST as much care in the making, just as much style, just as high-grade leathers and materials as in the shoes made for older boys and men, and more wear-resistance, besides a dictionary with every pair from size 11½ up.



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### How Good News Spreads

"I am 70 years old and travel most of the time," writes B. F. Tolson, of Elizabethtown, Ky. "Everywhere I go I recommend Electric Bitters, because I owe my excellent health and vitality to them. They effect a cure every time. They never fail to tone the stomach, regulate the kidneys and bowels, stimulate the liver, invigorate the nerves and purify the blood. They work wonders for weak, run-down men and women, restoring strength, vigor and health that's a daily joy. Try them. Only 50c. Satisfaction is positively guaranteed by P. H. Franklin."

### Nearly 7 Inches of Rain

Rich Hill, Mo., Sept. 5.—During the past forty-eight hours a series of rain, wind and electrical storms has swept over Bates county, during which the rainfall amounted to 6.5 inches. The wind has blown down much corn and the lightning has been especially severe. Barns in various parts of the county were burned and stock killed.

At one time last night five fires were visible from here. The Marias Des Cygnes river and drainage canal now are running bank full, and will be out over thousands of acres of bottom, hay and corn grounds by morning. Farmers began moving stock to high ground today in anticipation of a flood down the valley.

Dr. Bell's Pine-Tar-Honey  
For Coughs and Colds.

## County News

From Our Exchanges

### SWEET SPRINGS

On last Saturday, Mrs. Addie De Lap bought a handsome McPhail piano and presented it to her daughter, Opal. Of course she bought it from our popular up-to-date furniture man, Herman Renken.—Ernest Crain, the son of Mr. and Mrs. W. D. Crain, who live about four miles northeast of town was operated on last Tuesday for appendicitis. His many friends will be glad to know that the operation was a successful one and that he is getting along nicely.—Mr. Frank G. Tuck and Miss Mamie C. McGinnis both accomplished young people of this city, were united in marriage in Kansas City, Aug. 17, 1920. The ceremony was performed at high noon by Rev. Father Curry.—Married at 2 p. m. on Aug. 31, 1920, Dr. O. H. Withers and Miss Flora Dankenbring of Sweet Springs, Mo. The wedding was a quiet one, a few intimate friends being present. Eld. S. H. Carter performed the ceremony. The Dr. and his bride departed immediately on the Mo. Pac. for St. Louis.

—Minnie Hicks was born in Savannah, Georgia on Jan. 12, 1854, and grew to womanhood in that place where she was twice married. She came to Saline county several years ago and was married to Jno. C. LaRue in Oct. 1887. She helped him raise his family of motherless children, five in number, who loved her above the ordinary step mother. She united with the Christian church when a young woman and lived up to her faith until God saw fit to call her from her sufferings here. She died August 31st, 1910. Funeral at Mt. Zion church, conducted by Wm. Vickrey to await the coming of her Savior whom she trusted.—Sweet Springs Herald.

### To be Happy

you must have good health. You can't have good health if your liver is not doing its duty—slow but sure poisoning is going on all the time under such circumstances. Ballard's Herbine makes a perfectly healthy liver—keeps the stomach and bowels right and acts as a tonic for the entire system. Sold by P. H. Franklin.

### HOUSTONIA

Mrs. Emma Campbell, aged 50 wife of Rev. W. T. Campbell, formerly pastor of the Baptist church here died Tuesday morning at her home in Pueblo, Colo., of typhoid fever.—C. S. Urton and family who moved to Lake City, Kansas, last spring returned Thursday to make their home here again. The family have moved into Joe Welch residence at McAllister Springs.—Houstonian.

### Have You a Baby

Then watch it closely. And above all things don't let it suffer for any length of time with worms—that is fatal. If it's complexion gets yellow and pasty, if it is listless, cross or peevish, gets thin, suffers with flatulence give it White's Cream Vermifuge. The only cure that never fails and has no bad effects. Sold by P. H. Franklin.

### ARROW ROCK

There was a large crowd at W. B. Wilhelm's sale Tuesday and property is reported to have sold well. His family left the next morning for St. Louis for a few days visit. Mr. Wilhelm remained to settle up his business and will join his family in St. Louis the last of the week and from there they will go to Beebe, Arkansas, their future home. The Statesman wishes them success in their new home.—Statesman.

### NELSON

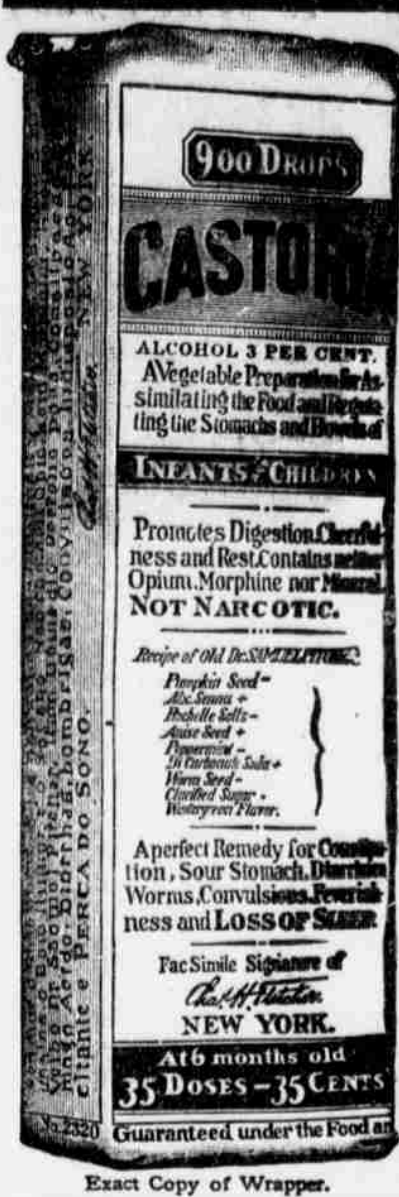
#### Hand Badly Cut.

W. E. Bell had the misfortune of getting his left hand badly cut on Monday morning. He was assisting a man split a log open, having a hold of the log, his hand slipping in the way of the ax which laid the back of his hand open to the bone.—Advance.

L. M. Nelson furnished the cradle for the infant child of Mr. and Mrs. G. W. Walk of near Logwood which died Sunday. The child was three weeks of age.—Advance.

### Best for the World

J. W. Hyatt merchant of Warren, N. C. writes: Please send enclosed order by mail. Sutherland's Eagle Eye Salve is the best eye remedy in the world. 25c.



## CASTORIA

For Infants and Children.

The Kind You Have Always Bought

Bears the Signature of

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### SLATER

One Monday afternoon, August 29th, a quiet wedding was solemnized at the Methodist parsonage in Marshall the contracting parties being Mr. Elver Hamilton, of this place and Miss Mabel Frazier, of Marshall. The bride is a daughter of C. S. Frazier, engineer of the M. H. Land Milling Company. Immediately after the ceremony the young couple came to Slater, their future home.—The Selma Baptist convention, composed of delegates from all the Baptist churches in the county will meet in Slater, Thursday, September 15th. It is expected that about 75 delegates will be present.—Rustler.

### Hoppity Hop

Are you just barely getting around by the aid of crutches or a cane? Unless you have lost a limb or have a deformity—if your trouble is rheumatism, lumbago, sprain, stiff joints, or anything of like nature use Ballard's Snow Liniment and in no time you can throw away your crutches and be as well as anyone. Price 25c. 50c and \$1.00. Sold by P. H. Franklin.

### MIAMI

Boyd Sullivan, who lives on his father's farm a few miles east of town, lost his barn by fire early Tuesday morning. Two cribs of corn containing about 500 bushels several sets of harness, a new binder and one horse were burned. The barn and the corn were insured but the other property was not. Also lumber, valued at about \$200 that was on the ground to be used in repairing the barn was burned. The origin of the fire is not known.

—W. O. Rogers has rented his farm near Sharon to John A. Vaughan and will move his family to Slater.—Mrs. A. P. Bishop and daughter, Miss Flossie, who drove to Marshall to the teachers' meeting last week, lost their horse at the livery stable in that city on Thursday night. The horse was taken sick that afternoon and died in spite of the efforts of the veterinary.—Boyd Turner, formerly of Brunswick, died recently at his home in Kansas City as the result of a seemingly trivial injury received some ten days before. Mr. Turner went to sleep with a lighted cigar in his mouth. The fire from the "weed" burned a hole in his clothing and slightly burned his chest. Blood poisoning, followed and brought about his death.—News.

### Stubborn as Mules

are liver and bowels sometimes; seem to balk without cause. Then there's trouble—Loss of Appetite—Indigestion, Nervousness, Drowsiness, Headache. But such troubles fly before Dr. King's New Life Pills, the world's best stomach and liver remedy. So easy, 25c at P. H. Franklin's.

L. T. Adams will sell Blue Lick water in Marshall again. He will be up every Monday and Friday. We hope he will receive a good patronage. The water is as good as any to be found.

### MALTA BEND

There is a crew of men at work putting up a section house just east of the depot. The Railroad company has built houses at other places for the section boss and they have had access thereto for a number of years, why this was not done before we know not, but the house will soon be built and advantages that other places have been enjoying will now be had by the men at this place.—Dr. J. R. Brown has been suffering severely with blood poison. He ran a nail in his foot some time ago and then blood poison developed but now the swelling has gone down and the injury is beginning to heal.—News.

### A Burglar in Town

his name is "bad cough". He doesn't care for gold or silver but he will steal your health away. If he appears in your house arrest him at once with Ballard's Horehound Syrup. It may mean consumption if you don't. A cure for all coughs, colds and chest troubles. Price 25c. 50c and \$1.00 per bottle. Sold by P. H. Franklin.

### BLACKBURN

Mrs. Jos. N. Breitenstein was called to Marshall Monday night by the illness of her father, A. J. Duvall.—Mr. and Mrs. J. T. Maddox left Tuesday morning for their new home at Marshall. While their many friends are sorry to see them leave, they wish them success in the new home commensurate with their hopes.—Record.

### Only One

The Record in Marshall is a Unique One.

If the reader has a "bad back" or any kidney ill and is looking for relief and cure, better depend on the only remedy endorsed by people you know. Doan's Kidney Pills relieve quickly—cure permanently. Marshall citizens testify to this. Here is a case of it:

Mrs. J. P. Pemberton, 854 S. Lafayette St., Marshall, Mo., says: "For years I suffered from Bright disease and the doctors said there was no cure for me. I grew weaker and weaker until I was at last forced to take to my bed. My body became badly bloated and I had terrible headaches. The heart action was weak and the kidney secretions were unnatural. Seeing Doan's Kidney Pills advertised, I decided to give them a trial and I had a supply procured for me at Franklin's Drug Store. Soon after I began their use, I felt much better and my kidneys were soon strengthened. I steadily improved until I was completely cured. This happened over a year ago and today I am enjoying better health than ever before."

For sale by all dealers. Price 50 cents. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, New York, sole agents for United States.

Remember the name—Doan's—and take no other.